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PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The British Magazine, a Monthly Journal of Literature, Science, and Art. Being a continuation of "The Spirit and Manners of the Age." No. I. January 1830.—London, Westley and Davis.

THIS is a new series, with many additions and improvements of the "Spirit and Manners of the Age," a Magazine less known in this country than its great intrinsic merit, and the particular attention it has always paid to the interests and institutions of Ireland, justly entitled it to be. Judging from the past efforts of the same conductors, and the present number of the British Magazine, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it the most interesting, as well as the cheapest Monthly Miscellany of the many we receive from London. The list of contributors is numerous and imposing, nor do their productions disappoint the expectations to which their names naturally give rise. Reminiscences and anecdotes of the North American Indians, by Dr. Walsh, Physician to his Majesty's Forces, we are happy to perceive is marked No. I., as it promises a series of highly curious and valuable articles. *The Vale of Llangollen*, by an anonymous writer, affords so interesting an account of the well known friends, lady Eleanor Butler, and Miss Ponsonby, whose extraordinary story, and enduring attachment, have long been a familiar subject of admiration to the world, that we cannot deny our readers the pleasure of a part of it:—

"One of these ladies is of the family of the Marquis of Ormond, and the other of the Earl of Besborough; and from their station, accomplishments and fortunes, might have expected to realize all the flattering prospects which rank, beauty, and wealth could promise; but they formed an early and romantic attachment for each other, which grew with their years to the exclusion of every other tie, and they made the extraordinary determination of leaving the world, where the necessary intercourse of society abstracted and divided that attention which they wished to bestow exclusively on each other. In the prime of youth, therefore, and in the flush of beauty, they gave up all those enjoyments which rank and wealth presented to them; and, without any of the religious enthusiasm which renounces the goods of this world to ensure those of the world to come, they determined to search for and find that seclusion in some wild mountains, which, as one of them was a member of the Protestant faith, they could not look for in a convent.

"Their history is briefly as follows: By a singular coincidence, which struck their imagination, they were both born in Dublin, on the same day, in the same year; and they lost their parents at the same time; so that these orphans seemed intended by the hand of Providence for mutual sympathy. They were brought up together, and, as they grew in years talked over the similarity of their fates; and easily persuaded themselves they were designed by heaven to pass through life together. They spent much of their time at the castle of Kilkenney, the seat of the Ormond family, where they were observed to shun the society of others, and always to seek retirement with themselves; and as they were now about eighteen, at a time of life when their settlement in the world might

be looked for, it was the anxious wish of their friends that they should mix with company, as other young persons of their age and sex. One morning, however, they were missing, and no enquiry could trace them in the neighbourhood; but at length they were discovered, in disguise, on board a merchant's vessel, about to sail from the harbour of Waterford. They were brought back, and separated, and every means taken to wean them from this extraordinary, and as it appeared to their friends, most injurious attachment for each other—but it seemed fixed and unalterable; and in some time they were allowed to pursue the bent of their own inclinations. They again proceeded to a seaport, embarked in a Welsh trader, and were landed among the romantic mountains of North Wales. From hence they proceeded from the coast, through the chain of valleys I have mentioned, at that time, all but closed from human intrusion, and nearly impassable, except by goats and mountain ponies. Here they searched in vain for a retired spot in which they could fix their residence. The dreary and desolate region presented no habitation which could afford them even a temporary shelter; and they had passed through the last valley of Llangollen, and were about to leave, in despair, a secluded district, where they had fondly expected to settle themselves. 'While leaving this last hope with heavy hearts,' said Miss Ponsonby to me, when communicating her history, 'we turned round to take a last look at this land of our promise; the setting sun was then shining on the romantic ruins of Dinas Bran, and its sloping beams gave to the wooded sides of the glens so lovely an aspect, that it seemed to invite our return; so we determined to go back and again search for a residence in the shadow of the mountains.' They could find none for the night but a mean hovel, on the naked side of a hill, and in this they sheltered themselves, and the next morning agreed with its poor inmates for their hut. Here they set themselves down, and began those improvements on the bleak and bare rocks which now adorn this lovely valley.

"When their absence was known, the nurse of one of them, Mary Carryl, was inconsolable for their loss; she too set out in search of them through the mountains, and, after a long and weary pilgrimage, found them in this comfortable cabin. She determined not to leave them, and was the only attendant that for years supplied them with necessities. Their friends now finding their resolution of abandoning the world unalterable, no longer pressed their return, and they began to improve and beautify their rugged residence. But when they had effected much, it was notified to them by the proprietor of the mountain that they must leave it. While very disconsolate at this notification, their faithful Mary Carryl disappeared; and it was supposed she was tired of their solitude, and had returned to her own home: but in some time she came back, and, throwing a paper on the table, 'Now my dear children,' said she, 'you are settled for life.' The paper was a lease of a large tract of the mountain, which she had obtained from the proprietor, having gone to London and purchased it with all her own earnings. From that time the grounds rose in great beauty, and a cottage, distinguished for its taste, elegance, and seclusion, rose in the bosom of the plantation. The fame of these elegant but eccentric girls now expanded, and several

persons of the highest rank sought an introduction; but they persevered in their determination, and for twenty years, I believe, never slept out of their own cottage, nor admitted a stranger into it. At length, however, some foreigners of rank, who came from the Continent, sought their society, and were admitted.

"Among the first persons who were permitted to visit them, was Madame de Genlis, who has done them but justice in her 'Souvenirs de Felicie.' She was at Bury St. Edmund, accompanied by Mademoiselle d'Orleans, when she met Lord Castlereagh; and having observed that she would travel very far to visit two persons united by the bonds of sincere friendship, 'Then,' said his lordship, 'visit Llangollen, and you will see a perfect model of friendship.' She went, and, with her young protégée, was kindly received. She, as a French woman, was quite surprised to see nothing in them of that vanity which is gratified by exciting astonishment in others; and that, having been a subject of universal interest and curiosity from their conduct, their manners were as simple as they were elegant, and their attachment as unaffected as it was ardent and sincere. They possessed an elegant library of books on every subject, and were as well acquainted with the literature and other elegant topics of the day, as if they had lived in the midst of London. Their apartments were ornamented with paintings of the surrounding scenery from the elegant pencil of Miss Ponsonby; lady Eleanor excelled in music; and their furniture was covered with embroidery of their mutual manufacture. All the elegant arts of life were cultivated with equal modesty and success, and their edifice was a temple in which they were tastefully displayed. She was rather astonished at night by certain sweet and mysterious sounds which floated on the air, and carried with them something visionary in the wild region in which she found herself. The next morning she learned it proceeded from an Eolian harp, which she then first heard, and it was among the curious and elegant inventions which the friends were always the earliest to receive and encourage.

"They were afterwards visited by several literary persons of this country, among whom Miss Seward has paid them a beautiful poetical tribute, of which the following are the concluding lines:—

'Through Eleanora and her Zara's mind,
Early though genius, taste, and fancy flowed;
Though all the graceful arts their powers combined,
And her last polish brilliant life bestowed;
The lavish promises in life's soft morn,
Pride, pomp, and love, their friends, the sweet enthusiasts scorn.'

"It was a few years ago that I was first introduced to these very extraordinary and interesting ladies. I went to their beautiful cottage with the highest feelings of admiration, and an expectation prepared for the meeting of all that was elegant in mind and lovely in person. I was introduced to two women far advanced in life, whose altered persons and gray hairs conveyed any idea but that of loveliness. I had forgotten that it was in the year 1778 they had first eloped, and that they had now lived half a century in this place, and among majestic forests, of which they had planted the saplings with their own hands; and they were as venerable as the coeval vegetation. I was received with the kindest cordiality, and had ample reason to appreciate their high accomplish-

ments. Lady Eleanor was of low stature, and her manners, though highly polished, had a certain inquisitiveness which rendered her full of interrogations, and never satisfied with the information she sought. In order to assist the family of a person who had served them, she established them in an inn in the village of Llangollen, and caused it to be understood that they would admit no visitors who did not stop at that house. The first question lady Eleanor asked me was, what inn I had put up at. I was aware of the question, and able to give a satisfactory answer. 'It is well,' said she, smiling, 'or we could not have let you in!' Miss Ponsonby was tall and majestic, and her dignified manner corresponded;—she asked few questions, but told what I enquired about with an elegance, propriety, and sensibility, which distinguished her accomplished mind. Among the singular circumstances of their connexion was the fact, that they were of different religions; and while lady Eleanor paid her orisons in her elegant little chapel, which I was shewn, and knelt at the shrine of the beautiful Madonna which adorned it, Miss Ponsonby was visited by the clergyman of the parish, and, when their rigid seclusion relaxed, was seen every Sunday in the parish church of Plassnewid. I took the liberty to ask Miss Ponsonby how it happened that a subject which excited so much animosity abroad, and had divided the most intimate friends in Ireland, had never interfered with their mutual attachment. She replied, with great simplicity, 'I believe, because we never argued on the subject.' I wished to see their faithful Mary Carryl, and they walked with me to the church-yard of Plassnewid, and pointed out a tomb. It was a triangular pyramid, having three faces for tablets of inscription. 'Here,' said Miss Ponsonby, 'our faithful friend is laid, and this tablet is sacred to her memory; the other two are intended for ourselves.' I read on it the following inscription, written by Miss Ponsonby:—

'This monument was erected by Eleanor Butler and Sarah Ponsonby, of Plassnewid, in this parish, to the memory of Mary Carryl.

'Released from earth and all its transient woes, She, whose remains beneath this stone repose, Steadfast in faith, resigned her parting breath, Looked up with Christian joy, and smiled in death; Patient, industrious, faithful, generous, kind, Her conduct left the proudest far behind; Her virtues dignified her humble birth, And raised her mind above this sordid earth, Attachment, sacred bond of grateful breasts; Extinguished but with life, this tomb attests; Reared by two friends, who will her loss bemoan, Till, with her ashes, here shall rest their own.'

"I took leave of those interesting ladies with a kind invitation to visit them again; and some time after I made Llangollen my way, for the purpose of delivering letters with which I was charged by a mutual friend.—Lady Eleanor's health had been long declining, and her sight, which was never strong, had totally failed. It was now that the friend of her youth and age, whose faculties God had spared, exerted them for both their use, and performed all the offices of love and duty for her blind companion. She watched over her with maternal tenderness—she read for her—worked for her—and did every thing for her which would not be so grateful from any other's service. When I paid my visit, I found Miss Ponsonby leading her friend round the lawn, as a fond mother leads a child; and it would have stopped an angel, on his errand of mercy,

to see them walking hand in hand through the shrubs and trees—while the friend who could see was explaining to the friend who could not see, all the budding beauties of the spring, in which they both were wont to take together such pure delight. 'Alas!' said Miss Ponsonby, while she looked with the tenderest emotion on those sightless orbs which she was endeavouring to enlighten,

'Seasons return; but not to her returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose.'

"A few months after, lady Eleanor died, and her accomplished and desolate friend is now patiently waiting the moment when she shall be called on to join her in a better world; and the triangular monument in Llangollen Churchyard will be filled up with the most romantic and interesting story in existence." W.

New Monthly Magazine. No. CIX. January 1830.—London, Colburn.

THERE is nothing particularly new or attractive in this Number. However, from our acquaintance with the *locale*, we turned with somewhat of pleasure to an article on the University of Göttingen: we were disappointed to find it a dull detail of literary regulations, with a prolix account of the birth, parentage, and education of the Riding Master of that University, while the names of Gauss and Harding, so well known in the annals of astronomical discovery, are disposed of in a sentence! 'Ere we leave the writer to his "recollections," we would merely observe, that the gentleman he is pleased to call a "dirty and eccentric man from Bristol," might have been spared the unhandsome allusion, were it only that he is the talented author of the "Bride's Tragedy," a work so favourably spoken of by the Quarterly Review.

The article upon Rossini is cleverly written, and displays an intimate acquaintance with the laws of musical composition.

The London University Magazine. January 1830.—London, Hurst, Chance and Co.

THIS is a very good and amusing number. The advancement of useful knowledge is, we think the professed object of this Magazine; but the prevailing taste for light entertaining matter in these miscellanies, is certainly more attended to in the details. We think the future exclusion of articles of a strict professional nature, is a judicious arrangement of the editors, and one which will ensure more general popularity to the work.

La Belle Assemblée. January 1830.—London, Whittaker.

WE are glad to perceive that a decided change for the better has taken place in the literary department of this repository of fashion, for some time past. It marks an improvement in taste, in a quarter where it is particularly desirable that good taste should exist, for we presume the nature of the demand, may be fairly judged of by the character of the supply. The portrait advertised for this number, was that of the Duchess of Cumberland: the engraving, it appears, could not be got ready in time, and that of the Marchioness of Caermarthen, painted by Mrs. Mee, and engraved by Thomson, has been substituted in its place. The face is very lovely, but we cannot praise the engraving as a highly finished performance.

The Monthly Magazine of Politics, Literature, and the Belles Lettres. New Series.—Jan. 1830. London, Whittaker and Co.

WE cannot say the periodicals appear to us in very extraordinary force for the beginning of the year. The Monthly is always good, but there is nothing in it this time that struck us as very particularly racy. There is no one article sufficiently solid, to carry the lighter papers on its shoulders, unless we except the article on the progress of physical discovery, which is too purely scientific for the general reader. From the biographical sketch of the late Mr. St. Leger, we willingly abridge the following account, instead of the notice we had ourselves intended, which was perhaps derived from sources less minutely accurate:—

"Francis Barry Boyle St. Leger was the son of a most respectable Irish family of that name, and very nearly connected with several distinguished families, both in England and Ireland. The youngest child, he was from his infancy rather the favourite of his mother, the honourable Mrs. St. Leger; and to this circumstance, as well as to the precocity of his own mind, that very early introduction to society which gave such a character to his future life and manners, is perhaps to be attributed. His father, being the intimate friend of Francis Lord Guilford, introduced Mr. Barry St. Leger, even while an infant, to the distinguished circle at Wroxton. This circle consisted of the principal of the whig party in politics, and of all that was eminent for genius and literature of the day. Here it was that Sheridan let loose the flood-gates of his wit; and that John Kemble condescended to play the inferior parts in the pieces which were got up in their private theatres; and the subject of our present memoir frequently acted, as a child, the most prominent part in the piece in which Mr. Kemble took the inferior character.

"He commenced his education at Rugby, in the expectation of completing it at college; a high civil situation in India, however, being offered to his friends, it was accepted for him; and thus entering early into active life, he completed his education in the world. At seventeen he went to India, where unforeseen circumstances threw him into the performance of more arduous duties, and into situations of so much consequence and responsibility, that his life in India used to be a subject of wonder to himself, when additional experience made him more sensible of the high offices he had performed at so early an age as seventeen. The customs of the country, however, as ill accorded with his recollections of Wroxton comforts, as what he called the tyranny and the injustice of the Eastern government, did with the principles of liberty which he had imbibed in that circle. He now therefore determined to throw up his situation; and with the full knowledge of the arduous task before him in this country, of fighting his way even to competence, through all the fog of the English bar, he sacrificed the certainty of a large fortune to his independence of principle, came back to England, and entered himself a member of the Inner Temple. From this period his literary labours commenced. Independently of writing for various periodical publications, he became the editor of *The Athum*, a work set on foot, and published by Mr. Ascham, the librarian, of Bond-street, to whose kindness in this early stage of his short career, Mr. St. Leger has frequently expressed himself as being greatly indebted.

"In 1823 he wrote Gilbert Earle, which was published by Mr. Charles Knight, of Pall Mall East, another esteemed friend of the author. This book at once ranked him among the highest of his contemporaries in works of fiction. It displayed an intensity of feeling, and a knowledge of human nature far above his years, and became so generally read and admired, and so much talked of in the highest circles, that it induced him to proceed in the same path; and Blount's Manuscripts, published by Knight, and Tales of Passion, lately published by Colburn, were other productions of his pen in the same walk of literary composition.

"He was cut off amidst a number of projects, which, if accomplished, would have placed him very high in the literary annals of our country. He had long determined to write no more works of mere fiction; but to devote himself to historical composition. At the time of his death he had nearly completed and printed a work, founded upon the old chroniclers, which we trust will be still given to the world. He had projected a History of the Wars in Spain, and of the Reformation in France; both of them very interesting branches of general history; and had made some progress in the first, a specimen of which had been submitted to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. These, with the other works, had occupied a great portion of his time in the year previous to his death; and it is to be feared were so much thought upon even during his last illness, as to impede his recovery. His mind was too active for his friends to keep it in that passive state so necessary to his con-

valescence. As a writer, Mr. St. Leger displayed great intensity of feeling, and a deep knowledge of the secret workings of human nature. His descriptions were vivid, and pictures of passion powerful. His Gilbert Earle, and his tale of the Bohemians, rank among the best efforts in this department of literature."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

We mentioned in our first Number, the recent additions made to *Memoirs* connected with late events; France, also witnesses the publication of the "Memoires complets et authentiques du duc de St. Simon, &c." which are to be completed within this month. These memoirs are called *Complets*, because this is the first time of their appearing in full, as the Duke wrote them; large portions of the original papers had been suppressed by Government, and through family motives; they refer to the reign of Lewis XIV. and the Regency of the Duke of Orleans, whose intimate he was. They abound in curious particulars and descriptions of historical characters—and on the whole give the French people no very great cause to regret the "*bon vieux temps*." By the extent of the work, (16 vols.) and the anticipation of a yet greater prolongation, we may form an idea of the copiousness of these memoirs. The English Novels, by Scott, Cooper, and even Banim, are presented, as soon as published, in a French-dress, and with other importations from England and Germany, give birth and currency to a much more general and varied literature, than was in vogue previous to the Revolution. The French philosophy is also partly influenced by the Scotch; there has lately appeared a translation of Macculloch, the economist,—but, to that subject we shall recur in a future number.

Dietrich Hüllman has published a work in German, on the police and condition of cities in the middle ages, (*Städtewesen des Mittelalters*), in which he displays a great deal of erudition on a period, which has, of late years, been so successfully illustrated in this country by Hallam, and in France, by Sismondi, of one of whose works, (*Littérature du midi*), a new edition (the third,) has lately appeared.

In Russia there would be found a great deal of talent, were it not, unfortunately, checked by a rigid *censure*, which interferes with the publication even of *Almanachs*. The late Emperor was so well aware of the injury done to literature, by submitting the fruits of genius and learning to the scrutiny of any number of men, who may be biased by other motives than those of justice, that (although he would not abolish it, from fear, we presume, of too much enlightenment,) he took an individual author, (the celebrated *Karamzine*, the writer of a history of Russia,) under his special protection, taking on himself the office of censor, which he certainly exercised with less partiality than any other would have done. In like manner, his present Imperial Majesty has taken under his personal *surveillance*, the poet *Pouchkine*, whose writings are much admired by his countrymen, and to whom it was intimated, that it was his Majesty's pleasure to examine whatever works he might be disposed to publish hereafter. The censorship extends especially to Foreign books and Journals, which are to be examined at the post offices—it is strict with novels, with respect to morality, religion, and, we presume, chiefly politics. The Russians possess an

author particularly distinguished in the last mentioned style, and, it seems, not unworthily so; we mean, *Basil Nargjny*.

T. G. A.

DUBLIN *versus* LONDON.

BY A JUNIOR PENTAGONAL.

Here we go up, up, up—
There we go down, down downie;
Now we go hither and yonder,
And hey! for Dublin townie.

Of all cities, at home or abroad, of hill or plain, main-land or island, commend us to the capital of our fatherland—the metropolis of old Ireland. Who that remembers the well known Lord L—— who stood on the steps of his splendid mansion in Stephen's-green, to watch, as he said, "the predestinarians perambulating the Beau-walk, and pronounced Dublin the most fashionable, car-drivest, saybathinest, tay-dhrinkinest, pleassintest, dissipatinnest, place in the world," but must concur in the justice and acuteness of his Lordship's commendation, and proclaim Eblana the beautiful and delightful, the queen of cities. When Englishmen speak slightly of our country, (as those who have not visited us too frequently do,) we only pity their ignorance, or reason them (in our native way) into good manners; but when a fellow-countryman—our familiar friend, in whom we trusted—assails our land or people, he raises in us stronger feelings of pain and indignation. Yet Irishmen may generally be known by their abuse of Ireland, and every thing Irish, as easily as by that musical and ear-soothing intonation which our maligners call the brogue. But, laying all national feeling and prejudice completely aside, let us, for a moment, calmly contemplate the comparative advantages of the two capitals.

In London, in all years generally, and this year (we speak of 1829) in particular, not only does summer set in, as Lord Dudley phrases it, "with its usual severity," but from the commencement of the winter, till the sitting of the House, you have nothing but one long, cold, guttery, snowy, blowy, dark, dreary, ill-scented November fog, during which you speak sour and sharp to your wife—scold and skelp your children—snap and snarl at your friend—until, at length, on a stern sleety morning, remaining in your chamber long beyond the usual hour, the door is at last thrust open, and you are discovered, by your agonised relations, hanging from the bed-post in a state of suspended animation—with your nose as green as a welsh leek—your tongue protruded five inches over your teeth, and a letter in your waistcoat pocket from your coal-merchant's solicitor—threatening instant proceedings, if payment be not made, with costs, and without delay.

Besides, the size of London is quite absurd. For example—you live in Sloane-street, and want to call on your particular friend in Islington Terrace, who has caught a quinzey and the snuffles, from "the cold, wet, and mire." Intervalla videt humanæ commodata, as Dan Horace somewhere inditeth of the hardships of the Roman metropolis, and which the sage commentator, in loco, interprets in his critical and idiomatic acquaintance with our native tongue, "a pretty civil distance."—In English, it is nine miles off. If a man walks he is tired to death, and worse; the legs of his ineffables, crusted with liquid Macadam, till they resemble pillared supporters for that Colossus of roads,

while the Stultz premier, the cravat, and even the human face divine, are only less profusely spattered than the troisèmes, with the same congealed consistency of claubery clay. Then you are jostled and knocked about by butchers, porters, sweeps, pot-boys, dogs, draymen, and other two and four-footed beasts, and that too as often by mere malice prepense as by accident; and when you, (Patrick) accustomed to the better subordination of ranks observed in Ireland, proceed with becoming spirit to knock your assailant civilly over in the kennel, as a matter of course, by a left-handed facer, judiciously planted on the nether jaw; you are astonished to find yourself snapped up by a party of *Peelers*! what think you, to answer a charge of assault before Sir Richard Bernie?

—— Ferient: vadimonia delinde
Irati faciunt.

They kick you first—then charge you on the watch, as Juvenal describes two thousand years ago.

But, with the fear of calcitration and incarceration before your eyes, you prefer taking a Cab; scarcely have you proceeded above seventy or eighty streets, when the thing the driver calls a horse starts, stumbles, runs away, and falls:—you are pitched out upon your head in the mire—crushed under a coal waggon, and the Crown's quest returns a verdict of 'found dead, and buried in a cavity of the pavement.' But you are light, and Irish, and not easily killed; and accordingly you come off with only your left shoulder put out, and a compound fracture in your right leg; the horror-struck spectators, in a transport of benevolence and enthusiasm—no—not in either transport or enthusiasm—for it is in London, but in a dirty blanket, placed on an old door, bear you off to Middlesex Hospital, or Guy's, where you recover sensation barely in time to hear the consoling tidings that amputation is indispensable, and in the *Morning Herald* of the following day, under the head of "fatal accident," appears the mournful intelligence that "Mr. Garra Mahaffy, a gentleman from Ireland, was yesterday thrown from his Cabriolet, in Fleet-street, and so severely contused, that, after suffering amputation, and lingering in unspeakable agonies till midnight, the unfortunate gentleman breathed his last. His friends are not known!"

We manage things better in Dublin. Here we have one delicious range from Harcourt-street South, by Stephen's-green, Grafton, Westmorland and Sackville-streets, through Cavendish-row, and on to Blessington-street Basin in the polar regions, which, with a few lateral divergencies to Merrion, Fitzwilliam and Mountjoy-squares, includes nearly the whole habitable globe. Then our Quays, and our Phoenix-park; where will you match them. The atmosphere is clear, serene and mild, and the streets airy, and wide, and well and cleanly kept, to ride, drive, or walk in, and ladies, absolutely ladies, beautiful, well dressed and unattended, walking securely without fear or thought of insult, for—

"Though we love beauty and golden store,
Sir Knight, we love honour and virtue more."

Now go to London and "follow me that if you can," as widdy Brady challenges Captain Bell in the song. And though our ladies can walk in safety when they like, they have handsome well appointed equipages to drive in too, nor have we any lack of all the stir and bustle of a great metropolis.